

# THE DIAL

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## A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS

NEW YORK, April 12, 1899.

*My Dear Vero:*

You ask me to suggest some books worth taking to the country this summer for "a large family of grown folks and youngsters." But you don't tell me what books you have already read, or how many you want to take. However, here goes, even at the risk of an occasional miss.

I take it for granted you have read Henry James's and Marion Crawford's latest novels, Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" and "Francois" (two of the great successes of recent years) and Mrs. Harrison's "Good Americans." But perhaps you've not yet heard the hoof-beats of David Gray's "Gallop" cantering into popular favor, nor seen the glittering wings of Long's "Mme. Butterfly" — that pretty and pathetic ephemeron of the new Japan.

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## THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

During the session of the Illinois Legislature now just ended, two educational measures of the highest importance were presented to that body for consideration. One of them provided for the control of degree-conferring institutions, to the end that the scandal of the fraudulent issue and sale of diplomas should cease; the other sought to create a new organization for the public schools of Chicago, to the end that politics and personal influence might be eliminated from their management, and statutory sanction be given to those fundamental principles of educational administration which are now accepted with practical unanimity by all educational leaders. The former of these measures was popularly known as the "Rogers Bill," from the fact that it was championed by the president of the Northwestern University; the other was similarly dubbed the "Harper Bill," from the fact that it emanated from a commission having the president of the University of Chicago for its chairman. Both measures were discussed by us at the time of their introduction into the Legislature, and are thus, in their general terms, familiar to our readers. Both measures made for progress, and were the outcome of an enlightened intelligence applied to the educational situation in Chicago. There now remains to us to chronicle, not merely the defeat of these measures, but the significant fact that they did not even receive respectful consideration, that they were rejected with derision and contumely.

We are free to say that we were not at any time of the sanguine souls who anticipated any other outcome than this. It was almost a foregone conclusion that a body of timorous politicians of the sort that we choose to have for our law-makers would not discuss such propositions as these upon rational grounds; that they would be swayed by what seemed to them the prevailing sentiment of the public. We say "seemed," and wish to emphasize the word, because what seems to be public opinion in such cases is usually the opinion of a small minority, made up chiefly of interested persons who are fearful lest their weakness be exposed and the privileges they have usurped be wrested from them. These persons promptly rally about the

legislative lobbies when attack is threatened, and their angry buzzing enables them to gain their ends without much resort to the two-edged weapons of logic and rational discussion. Those who form the real majority, meanwhile, have too much inertia to be moved to speedy action, and have only just begun to bestir themselves when the question is already disposed of, and the powers of darkness have once more prevailed.

Since the result of this preliminary effort in the direction of educational reform has been about what was expected, we cannot fairly say that we are discouraged. Much public interest, including some of the intelligent kind, has been aroused by the discussion, and the movement now well started is sure to gather impetus as the months go on, and we are as assured of its ultimate triumph as we were of the temporary setback it has just experienced. Out of the distracting conflict of theories that has enlivened educational discussion during the past score of years, there have gradually emerged certain controlling ideas that have risen above the plane of the debatable, and are sure to impress themselves eventually upon our school systems. This slow but sure development of unity out of diversity, of order out of chaos, in the educational domain is an indication altogether encouraging to those who have the cause of education at heart, and when we take a comprehensive view it is the one fundamental indication of recent discussion. A quarter of a century ago, such journals as "The Educational Review" and "The School Review," such reports as those of the Committee of Ten and the Committee of Fifteen, such a piece of legislation as the Massachusetts high-school law of 1891, even such a Commission as framed the law which has just been defeated in Illinois, would have been simply impossible. The conditions that made all these things possible have come into existence in this country during very recent years. Looking at the general situation in this light, it cannot fail to appear encouraging, in spite of the failure of the Illinois Legislature to rise to the opportunity set before it, and in spite of the reactionary spirit displayed by a considerable section of the teaching force in the schools of Chicago.

We may also take encouragement from the experience of New York City during the past few years. Not more than five or six years ago, the condition of public education in that community seemed well-nigh hopeless. So far had its methods of administration fallen behind

the times, that its school system, instead of leading those of our American cities, had become an object of contempt. Yet a single term of the mayoralty, owing to the fortunate election of an officer strong enough to inaugurate and carry out a thoroughgoing reform, sufficed to put the schools of New York nearly where they belong, at the head of our municipal systems. The present problem in Chicago is nothing like as difficult as was the New York problem, and there is every reason to anticipate for it a satisfactory solution. With a Superintendent determined to exercise the prerogatives that rightfully belong to his office, and with a Mayor (just reelected for his second term) who, although he may have made mistakes, has nevertheless taken a more active and intelligent interest in the city schools than any of his predecessors for twenty years has done, the outlook is reassuring to those who hold as the most sacred of all causes the cause of public education.

We wish to repeat upon this occasion what we said three months ago, that the report of the Educational Commission of last year, together with the accompanying draft of a new school law, was, taken as a whole, an expression of the most enlightened ideas upon the subject with which it dealt, and that its adoption, with a few amendments, would be the most fortunate thing, educationally, that could happen to Chicago. At least nine-tenths of it was altogether praiseworthy and desirable, and if the remaining one-tenth was open to question, our sense of its value as a whole was so high that we would have been willing to accept the questionable sections for the sake of the great improvement promised by the rest. Doubtless this would not have been necessary, for a little rational discussion would have excised the merely tentative suggestions of the plan, leaving only those features upon which enlightened educators now agree with almost complete unanimity. Had the document been dealt with in this spirit, recognizing the disinterested zeal of the body that gave a year of hard work to its formulation, admitting the soundness of most of its positions and calmly weighing the few that seemed doubtful, we might have chronicled its fate without any touch of bitterness. But it has been painfully obvious to all who have followed this discussion, that interest and passion had much more to do with the rejection of the plan than did anything that might fairly deserve the name of argument, that the teachers who attacked it used the weapons of the

politician rather than those of the educator, and that—to borrow a phrase from a recent *cause célèbre* in New York—there are some “fine old educational mastodons” still lumbering about our social jungles. The influences that led to the defeat of the proposed law were mainly of the lower sort; they came from the least competent and progressive elements of the teaching body; they were appeals to prejudice rather than to intelligence; and they accomplished their purpose by resorting to wilful misrepresentation. As for the Legislature that made itself the tool of these influences, we cannot do better than say of it, in the words of the Chicago “Evening Post,” that it “rests like a dead weight upon every movement that is calculated to promote the best educational interests of the commonwealth.”

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Borrow’s whole leaning was toward the unusual, and circumstances seemed always to incline him in that direction; he was born for adventure, as other men to trouble: the cause lay not in his surroundings, but in himself. “One finds in Rome only what one takes there,” and Borrow took with him a freshness of observation and an attitude of mind not paralleled in literature.

His first meeting with the Gypsies, who were to so strongly affect his after life, is worth noting as characteristic both of his style of narrative and of the man. He has come suddenly upon the Petulengro family, which is evidently engaged in the making of counterfeit money.

“I’ll strangle thee,” said the beldame, dashing at me. “Bad money, is it?”

“Leave him to me, wifelkin,” said the man, interposing; “you shall see how I’ll baste him down the lane.”

*Myself.* I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I’ll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

*Man.* What do you mean, ye Bengui’s bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life: playman’s speech or Frenchman’s talk—which, I wonder? Your father! tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I’ll serve him out as I will you. Take that—Tiny Jesus! what have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor.

“I say, wifelkin,” said he in a faltering tone, “did you ever see the like of this here?”

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice.

The recontre ends in his being made “brother” to young Jasper Petulengro, the future Gypsy “Pharoah” and his mentor in the Romany world—that world that was to know the young scholar as “Lavengro” and the “Romany Rye,” and which was to serve him as an intermittent home, a refuge and very present help in time of trouble. From this meeting the Gypsy *motif* begins to appear in his life, and in a few years the Romany Chals were to him brothers and the Romany women sisters, though some of the latter (like the murderously inclined Mrs. Herne, with her brimstone disposition) were exceptions to the rule.

No one can tell how much of Borrow’s work is autobiography, but one feels that his writings are dyed through and through with his experience and his individuality. The style is unusual and faulty; and yet the wild life, the broken narrative whose sequel may appear in a place entirely unlooked for, the mass of information on out-of-the-way subjects,—



perhaps the touching for the evil chance, perhaps horse-charming, perhaps the forgotten meaning of a word,—all contribute to a whole which is strangely fascinating.

His style is faulty; true, but he can limn a personality or a landscape with a vividness that many a master of style would rejoice to possess. For a man with angles in his character, Borrow has an affection; for all affectation and humbug, only scorn. The thoughts and motives of his men and women are never analyzed, but the reader feels that he knows the make-up of the nature before him. There is the talk with Jasper:

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing—

"Cana marel o manus chivios andé puv,  
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi."

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so!—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed!—A Rommany Chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live forever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

In that talk you have the underlying spirit, the *motif*, of the Gypsy. Does the thought never come to you on one of those days when you weary of the city street, that the spirit there outlined, the feeling of joy in mere living, is an inheritance which we have practically thrown away, refined out of our lives? There comes to most men some experience—perhaps it is standing on the border-line of the great forest that breaks the sweep of a northern prairie and breathing the sweet cold wind of spring that sweeps the plain and roars in the bending trees overhead, perhaps it is facing the salt breath of the ocean—which gives them a taste of the divine elixir. The thought is thenceforth with them that we are far from that part of happiness that should come from mere physical existence, that primal feeling still strong in the Romany blood.

How few words are required to indicate the man who knows how to use his mother tongue, and how often do we find this noble simplicity in Borrow, a manner of writing that carries with it more than the mere signification of the words. When applied to character-drawing this quality becomes extremely effective, as in his talks with Isopel Berners. Hers is a magnificent character, and though she is alone among all the women of fiction, one feels that here is a true reading of one of those almost indecipherable manuscripts, women.

Borrow, like Keats and Stevenson, believed in the body; he revelled in outdoor life, in violent sports, and especially in "the manly art." How delightful is the narration of how the shabby old gentleman, by means of his Broughton guard and chop taught him by the immortal Sergeant himself, served out the bruising coachman, the bully of the line. But better yet is Borrow's own contest with the Flaming Tinman, the best man in the north country. Mr. Stoddard refers to this as the finest thing of the kind in literature; and one must certainly go far to match it. In the fight of the frail youth against the burly ruffian shines clear and bright the indomitable spirit which characterized him, that spirit which in later years made possible the "Bible in Spain."

This slight sketch cannot consider that side of Borrow shown in his philological work and in his travels, both illuminated by his strangely fascinating personality; but it should not close without a recognition of the fact that his character is essentially, and in the best sense, religious. Therein lies the secret of his strange success in gaining the good-will of natures differing apparently so widely from his own, be they those of the Romany Chals, the Fancy, or the Welch preaching brotherhood. This feeling is shown in his tribute to the wandering preachers, as he comes across one, standing on the seashore, preaching salvation to the fishers gathered around him, amid the roar and boom of the breakers. The ending of this episode is particularly Borrowesque:

"I would have waited till he had concluded, in order that I might speak to him and endeavor to bring back the ancient scene to his mind; but suddenly a man came hurrying to the monticle mounted on a speedy horse, and holding by the bridle one yet more speedy, and he whispered to me, 'Why loiterest thou here? knowest thou not all that is to be done before midnight?' and he flung me the bridle; and I mounted the horse of great speed and I followed the other who had already galloped off. And as I departed I waved my hand to him on the monticle, and I shouted 'Farewell, brother! the seed came up at last after a long period!' Then I gave the speedy horse his way, and leaning over the shoulder of the galloping horse I said, 'Would that my life had been like his, even like that man's!'"

With this saying, that shows the true George Borrow, let us say Good-day to "Lavengro," but let it be an *Ave* as well as *Vale*, and be it in the words of the Hungarian master of horse at the Horncastle Fair: "Here's to the Romany Rye! Here's to the Sweet Master!"

ALFRED SUMNER BRADFORD.



## The New Books.

## A SKEIN OF MANY YARNS.\*

Mr. Frank T. Bullen's fascinating and instructive account of his cruise of some twenty-two years ago round the world on the bluff old New Bedford whaler "Cachalot" makes its appearance fortified by the glowing endorsement of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In an open letter to the author, Mr. Kipling assures him that his book is "immense," that he has "never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery," that "it's a new world" he has "opened the door to," and so forth. All this praise from Sir Hubert Stanley must make Mr. Bullen feel as good as if he were homeward bound with a fair wind, a "full" ship, and a Captain's "lay" to reckon his share of the voyage on; and we congratulate him on his feelings. But (it may be well to point out) Mr. Kipling's practical experience of sperm-whaling being limited, his testimony to the "immensity" of Mr. Bullen's book must be taken *cum grano*, and as going to its literary merits mainly. Mr. Kipling can hardly claim to be an expert witness in the case from the technical, or New Bedford, standpoint; else, we make bold to say, he must have felt bound to pick a small-sized hole or two even in the coat of Mr. Frank T. Bullen.

Not that we by any means presume to charge Mr. Bullen with sailing under false colors when he styles himself "First Mate" (plain "Mate" would, by-the-by, have been the correcter form for a whaler), or with having gained his whaling experience through the easy and not untried process of "pumping" some ancient New Bedford or Provincetown mariner caught on the wharves and "held up" for the purpose. The keel of more than one popular "sea-story" we could mention that has been eulogized as "immense" by critics who (as Mr. Bullen might say) could not tell a binnacle from a bung-knocker or a "scrap" from a "horse-piece," has been laid pretty much in that way. But Mr. Bullen's book is unmistakably from a hand that knows an "iron-pole" as well as a pen-handle. He will understand us when we say that there is very little "white-horse" about it. Its author clearly is (or has been) a sailor, and, more than that, a whaler.

\* THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT: Round the World after Sperm Whales. By Frank T. Bullen, First Mate. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We gladly admit that his narrative, at its best, is as salt as Lot's wife and as breezy as Nantucket; that he describes the process of "raising," striking, killing, cutting in, and trying out a whale far better than we have seen it described elsewhere; that his *bordereau* of a whaleship's proper gear, tackle, apparel, and furniture is full and accurate, from try-works to chock-pins. But, nevertheless, we can't help wondering how it is that Mr. Bullen, with all this store of professional knowledge at his fingers' ends, should here and there make slips in his terminology that would grate on the ear of a green hand four months out of New Bedford. Maybe the slips are intentional, and due to the author's pardonable desire to make himself clear to the lay reader; but slips they are, and in the very shibboleth of his calling. For example, what practical whaler, clothed and in his right mind, was ever known to style the flukes of a whale the "tail," as Mr. Bullen does with rasping frequency? And did Mr. Bullen, while aboard the "Cachalot," ever hear a boat-steerer called a "harpooner," or a lone whale a "solitary"?

On the other hand, Mr. Bullen's book is the first one of its kind we have met with that is free from certain stereotyped errors of writers on his subject — the annoyingly persistent one, in particular, that represents the man at the mast-head as singing out "There she blows!" at sight of a spout. Possibly a very green hand (remembering the formula given in the books) might do so — *once*. But Mr. Bullen sets us right on this point. He reproduces with phonographic truth that magic cry from the crow's-nest that is to a whaleship what the blast of Gabriel's trump will be to a graveyard.

"I turned in at four o'clock A. M. from the middle watch and, as usual, slept like a babe. Suddenly I started wide awake, a long mournful sound sending a thrill to my very heart. As I listened breathlessly, other sounds of the same character but in different tones joined in, human voices monotonously intoning in long drawn-out expirations the single word 'bl-o-o-o-w!' . . . 'There she white waters! Ah, bl-o-o-o-w, blow, blow!'"

There are also one or two little inaccuracies or inconsistencies not exactly of a technical sort in Mr. Bullen's book that we must point out. He starts out by describing the "Cachalot" as a full-rigged ship, which she appears to be in the pictures; but later on he calls her a "barque" — square-rigged on the fore and main masts, and fore-and-aft rigged on the mizzen, like most of the New Bedford fleet. This is a small matter, perhaps, but we expect accuracy

from a sailor on these points. But the oddest of Mr. Bullen's lapses is the extraordinary "sea-change" suffered by the speech of Mr. Count, Mate of the "Cachalot," in the course of the narrative. Early in the voyage Mr. Count is made to say:

"I've seen a fifty-bar'l bull make the purtiest fight I ever hearn tell ov — a fight that lasted twenty hours, stove three boats, 'n' killed two men. Then, again, I've seen a hundred 'n' fifty bar'l whale lay 'n' take his grooel 'thout hardly wunkin' 'n' eyelid — never moved ten fathom from fust iron till fin eout. So yew may say, boy, that they're like peepul — got their individooal pekeewyarities, an' thar's no countin' on 'em for sartain nary time."

One would scarcely expect this same Mr. Count (become Captain on the death of the "Cachalot's" original "Old Man") to get off the following neat little speech to the crew a few months later on:

"Men, Captain Slooem is dead, and, as a consequence, I command the ship. Behave yourselves like men, not presuming upon kindness or imagining that I am a weak, vacillating old man with whom you can do as you like, and you will find in me a skipper who will do his duty by you as far as lies in his power, nor expect more from you than you ought to render."

Nothing like promotion and a "good voyage" to polish up one's English, it seems. There's another little count (no pun intended) in our not very serious indictment of Mr. Bullen. He has not perhaps overdrawn the brutality that reigned for the most part on board the particular vessel he chanced to ship on. But he tends (unintentionally no doubt) to give the impression that such brutality is the rule on all these vessels, and that the New Bedford whaler generally is, or was, like the "Cachalot," more or less a "floating hell." Now, Mr. Bullen must know that such is not the case. The conditions of the service — the perils of the calling, the length of the voyages, the great disparity in numbers between officers and crew, the often reckless and unruly character of the latter, etc. — make it necessary that order be maintained with a firm hand, and that, from first to last, fore-castle be kept in awe of cabin. In bad cases something like a reign of terror is the sole alternative to insubordination and disaster; and, it must be owned, there are cases where the reign of terror is due more to the savagery of the officers than the character of the men. But there are "home ships" as well as "hell ships" sailing out of New Bedford, with men and not brutes in command of them. We recall one good old barque of Mr. Bullen's time (and there were others of her class) whose Mate was a hero every inch of him, and a gen-

tleman to boot; whose crew was a happy family of "shipmates all"; and whose good old Skipper (now at rest) was a type of old-fashioned Down East piety. There was a tradition, indeed, that Captain C——, momentarily "downed" by the Old Adam, had once been heard to swear; but the occasion was a trying one. The ship was lying "hove to" in a gale, when a great sperm whale rose alongside, blowing and wallowing in the brine not twenty fathoms to leeward, and gazed calmly at his enemies. Lowering the boats in such a sea was out of the question; and there was much strong language. "There goes a hundred an' twenty bar'ls plum to —, by the great Jehosaphat!" said Captain C——, as he went below to hide his feelings. That night (so the story ran) the men who stole aft to peep at the clock back of the binnacle saw through the cabin skylight the penitent "Old Man" poring over his "big ha' Bible" till well in the Middle Watch; and who can doubt that his peace-offering was accepted?

Mr. Bullen is not a good hand at dialect. Happily, there is not much of it in his book, and there is but one variety. Yankees, "Portagees," "niggers," all the "Cachalot's" polyglot crew, are made to speak pretty much the same preternatural lingo — a sort of cross between the Whitechapel "patter" of Mr. Alfred Chevalier and the speech of the plantation "darks." Fancy a Vermont Yankee fresh from the plough-tails talking in this way, for instance: "I doan see de do'way any mo' at all, sir." Did Mr. Kipling ever hear anything like that up Brattleboro' way, we wonder?

But Mr. Bullen is a capital hand at description, and he writes from a memory packed with scenes and processes that nine out of ten of his readers will have never seen described before. Of his style, the following pathetic episode may serve as a sample. A cow whale has been "struck" with the harpoon, and the author goes on to describe the *dénouement*:

"But, for all the notice taken by the whale, she might never have been touched. Close nestled to her side was a youngling of not more, certainly, than five days old, which sent up its baby-spout every now and then about two feet in the air. One long, wing-like fin embraced its small body, holding it close to the massive breast of the tender mother, whose only care seemed to be to protect her young, utterly regardless of her own pain and danger. If sentiment were ever permitted to interfere with such operations as ours, it might well have done so now; for while the calf continually sought to escape from the enfolding fin, making all sorts of puny struggles in the attempt, the mother scarcely moved from her position, although streaming with blood from

a score of wounds. Once, indeed, as a deep searching thrust entered her very vitals, she raised her massy flukes high in air with an apparently involuntary movement of agony; but even in that dire throes she remembered the possible danger to her young one, and laid the tremendous weapon as softly down upon the water as if it were a feather fan. . . . So in the most perfect quiet, with scarcely a writhe, nor any sign of flurry, she died, holding the calf to her side until her last vital spark had fled, and left it to a swift despatch with a single lance-thrust."

Naturally, there are marvels not a few in Mr. Bullen's book which landsmen will find hard to accept as fact. They will "shy" at some of his stories (mere commonplaces of whaling) pretty much as the Gold Coast chief did at the missionary's assertion — that in his own country he had seen water get so hard in winter that men walked on it and sawed it up in blocks. "Gospel man heap liar!" roared the indignant Bongo — who had already accepted some of the good man's toughest Old Testament stories without a quiver; and we have no doubt some of Mr. Bullen's unsalted readers will feel at times like using language similar to that of the Gold Coast skeptic. But while Mr. Bullen's experiences and adventures certainly lose nothing in the telling, we cheerfully vouch for the substantial, and in proper cases the literal, truth of his narrative. It forms, we believe, the first published account from the seaman's standpoint of a sperm-whaling voyage in a New Bedford ship; and the "Cachalot's" voyage, it should be added, took her into the South Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian Oceans, and the Japan and Okhotsk Seas, round the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn, and to many remote ports and islands little known even in these globe-trotting days.

In fine, Mr. Bullen's book is brimful of truths that are far stranger than most men's fiction, and it is as instructive as it is readable. The marvels of the deep sea are mirrored in his pages, and the novel phase of human life and character he paints is painted substantially to the life. It was an odd chance that threw a man of Mr. Bullen's unquestionable literary talent into so rude and unpromising a calling; but it was a happy one. In its declining days, whaling has found in him its picturesque historian.

E. G. J.

THE ANNUAL REPORT for 1896 of the Smithsonian Institution has just come to hand from the Government Printing Office. It is a volume of more than eleven hundred pages and nearly as many illustrations, two hundred of these being full-page plates. Archeology and prehistoric art are the chief subjects of the essays contained in the volume.

#### THE AMERICAN BUTTERFLY BOOK.\*

The collecting habit is a natural one, and is by no means confined to the bower-bird of Australia or the arctic foxes of Franz-Josef Land. Intellectual and even æsthetic diversion may be found in the collecting of postage-stamps or of old blue china; but objects of natural history are *par excellence* the spoil of the amateur collector. Here is found not only the widest range of choice but also the greatest freedom of access; it is here that the zeal for classification enjoys its fullest gratification and the search for the beautiful its natural satisfaction. The collection and study of butterflies is a favorable, and has long been a favorite, pursuit for the amateur as well as for the specialist. The natural beauty of these common objects excites the interest and holds the attention. The methods of capture are somewhat simple, and the expenditure attending the instalment and maintenance of a collection is relatively slight. The student has unrivalled opportunities for the study of many of the most interesting biological problems of the day, such as variation, seasonal and sexual dimorphism, and the effects of the various elements of the environment, such as food and temperature, upon the form and color of the full-grown organism; he also has the privilege of contributing to our knowledge of the life-histories of many forms which are as yet unknown; furthermore, his pursuit is quite free from the objectionable features which pertain to the robberies of the bird's-nesting oölogist and the bloody business of many an amateur ornithologist. There is little æsthetic or economic objection to any diminution in the numbers of butterflies and caterpillars that may result from his activity.

The lack of an illustrated, inexpensive, and at the same time fairly complete manual of this group has been hitherto a serious obstacle to the growth of amateur interest in butterflies in this country. Europe and the Continent are more fortunate in this respect. We have, to be sure, several most excellent and inexpensive handbooks by eminent authorities, but these are limited in their geographical scope to parts of the country, include but a part of the species, and are in no case fully illustrated. The monographs of Edwards and Scudder, with their

\* THE BUTTERFLY BOOK: A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Butterflies of North America. By W. J. Holland, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the Western University of Pennsylvania, Director of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Pa., etc. With 48 Plates in Color-Photography. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.



superb lithographed plates, are too expensive for any but the larger libraries, or the most self-denying specialist; but even these fail to figure many of the American species.

This need of an illustrated manual bids fair to be supplied by Chancellor Holland's "Butterfly Book." It has been the aim of the author to provide a popular handbook of the diurnal *Lepidoptera* of this continent north of Mexico. The opening chapters deal in a pleasing manner with the anatomy and development of the butterfly, collecting apparatus, and the breeding of specimens, the arrangement and preservation of collections, the classification of the group, and the literature of the subject. The remainder of the book is taken up with a systematic and descriptive catalogue of species, all of which are figured. Brief descriptions are given, not only of the butterfly, but also of the egg, caterpillar, and chrysalis, wherever these are known. In many instances both sexes are figured, and in some cases both the upper and the under sides of the wings are shown, while supplementary figures which elucidate anatomical structures of diagnostic importance are to be found in the text. Details of color and of structure which may be derived from a study of the illustrations are to a large extent eliminated from the descriptions. In all, about 550 forms are described and figured; while Mr. Skinner's recently published "Synonymic Catalogue of North American Rhopalocera" ascribes 645 to the territory covered by this work. The manual is thus not an exhaustive one. It should be noted, however, that over five-sixths of the species are described and figured; that practically the whole of the butterfly fauna east of the Mississippi River is included; that the omitted forms are either small and insignificant (as, e. g., many of the *Hesperiidae*), and are thus of little popular interest, or they are of doubtful specific rank and cannot be readily distinguished from their nearest relatives. Furthermore, no work on American butterflies presents so exhaustive an iconography of our lepidopteran fauna.

In the preface to the book the author says:

"I flatter myself that I have possessed peculiar facilities for the successful accomplishment of the undertaking I have proposed to myself, because of the possession of what is admitted to be undoubtedly the largest and most perfect collection of the butterflies of North America in existence, containing the types of W. H. Edwards, and many of those of other authors."

The number of such "types" or specimens that served for the first published description of the species, which are figured in the book, is stated

in a descriptive circular issued by the publishers to be "fully three hundred." The scientific value of this fact is, however, largely lost, for such figures are in no way designated in the descriptions of the plates, and are but rarely indicated in the text.

Scattered through the book are a number of apt quotations, ranging from grave to gay, or even facetious at times, and anecdotal digressions which are more or less germane to the subject. These add variety, though perhaps not always dignity, to the theme.

The most noticeable feature of the work, and one that is destined to attract wide attention, is the series of forty-eight plates, which exhibit in their natural colors over five hundred different butterflies. These are shown in all the charming array of brilliant coloring and delicate tints of the originals, with an accuracy and faithfulness that is as wonderful as it is surprising. The plates are prepared from photographs of the actual butterflies, by the so-called process of color-photography, or three-color printing. The results of the application of this method to the illustration of this scientific subject are most gratifying, and promise much for the future. These plates rival the most skilful and expensive chromo-lithography — if, indeed, they do not surpass it — in the accuracy with which the general color effect, as well as the specific tints of an intricate pattern, are reproduced. The optical limitations of photography are such that the structural details are at times obscured in the figures, but these can be illustrated readily by other methods. The American press is to be congratulated upon its signal success in this new venture, for this volume exhibits a marked advance over the work of the Société de Photographie en Couleurs à Puteaux put forth recently in Delage, and Hérourard's "Traité de Zoologie Concrète."

To suggest shortcomings in a work which has so many commendable features seems indeed to be gratuitous, especially as any suggested defects are rather only sins of omission, and the very low price at which the book is sold is perhaps both their occasion and excuse. In the first place, there is no synopsis of the group, and there are no keys, natural or artificial, for the determination of genera and species. Characters of diagnostic value are not emphasized sufficiently in the text. The collector is thus encouraged to ignore structural details which form the basis of classification, and to descend to the level of the philatelist, merely scanning the plates for the identification of his speci-



mens. More recognition of variants and of variable forms, and a fuller discussion of the synonymy and more references to literature, would add to the utility of the book to a considerable degree. The cultural value of the work would be greatly enhanced by a more generous recognition of the butterfly as a living thing and a part of the economy of nature. To stimulate an interest in its life-history, its activities, and its relations and exquisite adjustments to the animate and inanimate world about it, is quite as desirable as to rouse an ambition for a complete collection of "painted beauties"—dead, to be sure, but impaled in orderly array and duly designated by the proper Latin binomial. Finally, stouter binding and tougher paper are most desirable in a handbook destined to the hard usage which this one is sure to receive.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon the production of so excellent a model, marking, we trust, a new epoch in methods of scientific illustration. The author has prepared a most excellent handbook of a fascinating subject, and it is to be hoped that the companion volume, "The Moth Book," may not be long delayed.

CHARLES A. KOFOID.

#### THE "LITERARY" PLAY.\*

Not a year ago I saw an article on the editorial page of an influential journal, which began by saying that "another literary artist" had "undertaken to reunite literature and the stage, whose divorcee has been so often and so dogmatically declared by the melodramatists." This interested me: I had heard talk of the divorce, although I had not known that the melodramatists were responsible for it, and I was glad to hear of the reconciliation which the article went on to speak of as almost, if not possibly quite, successful. That seemed to me a good deal for one single work to accomplish, and I became curious about it. The literary artist in question was Mrs. Craigie, or "John Oliver Hobbes" (I'm sure I don't know which to call her—or him; it's very awkward indeed about the pronouns), and the means of reconciliation was "The Ambassador," which appeared in print not so very long ago.

It struck me at the time as rather curious that "John Oliver Hobbes" should be spoken of as a path-breaker, as one of the very few literary fellows who had to do with the theatre.

\* THE AMBASSADOR: A Comedy in Four Acts. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

In this country, I know, the line is pretty sharply drawn; but then, we are not talking of this country: "The Ambassador" was presented in London. I found, however, as I went on, that the article was extremely exclusive in its conception of Literature. This appeared when I read later that "Dumas and Pinero are almost the only men who take a high grade of literary art to the theatre." You see it was before "Cyrano de Bergerac" had become known among us, and before the author of "Catherine" had been elected to the Academy. Still, to confine ourselves to the dramatists of our own tongue, why was Mr. Henry Arthur Jones left out? That was surely too bad. It must have been an oversight, for "Michael and His Lost Angel" has been in print for some years, so that anyone may see how literary Mr. Jones is. Mr. Jones, I suppose, may have consoled himself at being classed as unliterary along with Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, d'Annunzio, Echegaray, and many Frenchmen.

But, after all, what is a "literary play"? What is meant by "taking literary art to the theatre"? I do not know anything else to say except that a literary play is one that can be printed in a book and read with satisfaction by a cultivated person (*i. e.*, somebody like myself: that's what a man generally means when he says "cultivated person"). I do not see much that can be said beyond that. The fact that a man is or is not professionally connected with the theatre has nothing to do with it. Molière was an actor, Lessing a dramatic critic, Sheridan a manager; yet they contributed to literature much more, so far as the drama is concerned, than Voltaire, Klopstock, and Addison, who were distinctly men of letters.

It may seem foolish to say that a literary play is one that is printed in a book. Still, there can be no doubt that there have been "literary plays" which never made a part of literature, solely because they were never printed. People saw them, liked them perhaps, and forgot them; and there was an end of it. But if you print your play and get the right people to read it and like it, then it becomes literature, in the sense, of course, that a great many other things become literature.

If, however, we think of literature in a more confined sense, what then? Is there not something aside from the accident of paper and print about a play that we can say is literary? Suppose there are two plays that both please us; do we not often think of one as literary and the other not? A man said to me not

long since that "The Liars" was literature: but I never heard that said of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." What is there about one play that there is not about the other? If you see the two plays you are certainly more moved by "Tess": why, then, is it not more literary?

I do not know, I'm sure. Print the two and perhaps I could tell. But just now let us return to "The Ambassador."

"The Ambassador" may be compared (in fact, one cannot well help comparing it) with Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly." They are plays of much the same general character, comedies of character and incident, set in the same world, mostly in the same place, more or less alike in plot though not in motive. Being so nearly alike, then, any difference ought to be very clear. Now, as it is well known that Mr. Pinero is a practical playwright, and not a literary man tempted to the theatre, we may have here a means of seeing what is the difference between a playwright's play and a literary play.

It will interest you to read the two plays within a short space of time and try to see whether there is any real difference between them. It would not seem to be in the plot: Mrs. Craigie's plot is the simpler, but not any more literary. In fact, both are somewhat stagey. Pinero's play is of a middle-aged man and a middle-aged woman who were once in love with each other. Twenty years after their youth they meet and think they will marry each other. Each marries somebody else who has been introduced into the play solely for that purpose. In "The Ambassador" the middle-aged man has several middle-aged ladies who like to flirt with him. He marries none of them, but falls in love with a young woman who has to be disengaged from a worthy young baronet, who gets engaged to somebody else. The difference is that Mr. Pinero's plot is a little more regular in a way: each pair illustrates the same notion. Mrs. Craigie's second pair has no very great reason for existence. Mr. Pinero's play is also a little more involved: there are more complications in it—a young lady of doubtful parentage, for instance. Neither action is absolutely natural or probable, though both are natural or probable enough for the stage. "The Ambassador," being the simpler, is somewhat the more natural.

Nor would the difference seem to be in the characters. St. Orbyn and Sir George Lamorant, indeed, might change for each other sometime just for fun, and few would notice

the difference: two middle-aged and pretty well-preserved gentlemen who fall in love rather suddenly, and without your really believing either to be serious. St. Orbyn is rather a cheerful diplomatist, it is true, and Sir George is a man of the world rather down in the mouth at being middle-aged; but otherwise the difference would depend largely on the actors. Of course, the other characters do not by any means run parallel. Still, you might compare Lascelles and St. Roche, if you like, or the ladies who come and call on the princess with the ladies who come and call on Lady Beauvedere. Doubtless a person more familiar with the world these remarkable people move in would see points of difference; but I do not see much. On the stage they would probably wear different colored frocks.

Then there is the dialogue. Here, too, there is a likeness, as there must be in any good representation of the talk of well-bred people. There is a good deal of sparkle, of course,—Mrs. Craigie's probably the more genuine. Take these two specimens. The first is from "The Princess."

LADY RINGSTEAD: I confess I hardly care to sit down to dinner at half-past six.

MRS. SABISTON: Oh, I don't mind that, but I cannot undertake to rise at half-past seven.

This is from "The Ambassador":

LADY BEAUVEDERE: Nearly ran away! Why, everyone knows that if she had n't been thrown from her horse and killed that very morning—on her way to meet him.

ST. ORBYN: I never attend post-mortems on a conscience.

It seems somewhat of the same piece, and rather a well-known web at that.

Yet, on looking back over what I have written I must confess to having rather deceived the reader. All the things I have said were alike, are alike, I believe,—but there are also differences. I am not sure that these differences make "The Ambassador" more literary, but I suspect they do: at least, I am pretty sure that they made "The Princess and the Butterfly" more successful on the stage.

Take the dialogue: there is much that is alike, certainly. But here are two passages coming at precisely the same place in the two plays, the place where the middle-aged man and the young girl have just arranged matters. The first is by Mr. Pinero.

SIR GEORGE: I have loved you since—oh, for these many days. You know it.

FAY, almost inaudibly: Yes.

SIR GEORGE: You—you—you return my love?

FAY, faintly: You know it.

SIR GEORGE: For how long have you loved me?

FAY: Since — for these many days.  
 And here it is in "The Ambassador":  
 ST. ORBYN: I want to tell you how much — but if I could say how much it would be little — I love you.  
 JULIET: Why?  
 ST. ORBYN: Because you are pretty . . . and yet that's not the reason either.  
 JULIET: What, then.  
 ST. ORBYN: Because you are honest . . . that's not the reason either.  
 JULIET: What? Well, guess again!  
 ST. ORBYN: Because . . . Oh, Juliet, it is because you make me forget the reasons why!  
 JULIET: Then remember the reasons why not. I am poor. . . .  
 ST. ORBYN: So are the angels.  
 JULIET: And then . . .  
 ST. ORBYN: Well, dearest?  
 JULIET: . . . You make me forget the reasons why not.

There is a difference, certainly: there's not a shadow of a doubt Mrs. Craigie is the more natural and (to me) more charming; but I rather think that Mr. Pinero would call forth more applause, especially when he repeats his little bit with a slight change in the course of a minute.

Then as to the characters. I spoke of the two men: they certainly are more or less alike. But the two women: as certainly they are not. Juliet and the Princess are two very different people. It is rather idle to try to explain the difference to any purpose in short compass and without quotation. But the fact of it calls our attention to another thing. Mr. Pinero's characters are all more or less built on the model furnished by the idea of his play. They are people on whom middle-age works differently. Thus, one is a woman who still loves her husband, and one is a woman who chiefly loves her dinner. Of the men, one remains young in middle-age, or would like to; and another has become middle-aged in the midst of his youth. In other words, the characters are more or less consistent with the scheme, or balanced against each other, but not especially real. Mrs. Craigie's characters are unconstrained by any such conventionalities, and are therefore, other things being equal, rather more life-like.

And then as to plot: the two are truly very much alike, but Mrs. Craigie's is much the simpler. In "The Princess and the Butterfly," Sir George has a ward whom he thinks is the daughter of his brother. She meanders picturesquely through the play, having nothing to do with it until Sir George finds out that she is not his brother's daughter but the daughter of some old Italian, having been changed in the

cradle. So he kisses her, and, though that is not his intention at the time, falls in love with her afterwards. Certainly a very romantic love-making: certainly that belongs to the stage, no one would claim it for literature. Then there is another complication, a great mix-up about a woman of shady reputation who is engaged to a deluded young Frenchman: she goes where she should not, and there is a quarrel which leads to a duel, and the deluded man who provokes the duel becomes good and marries a little girl who is only in the play to be ready for him. As to the "Ambassador," the only complication comes to nothing by the resolute refusal of all parties to suspect each other of what would be very unlikely. That appeals to me: I like it. But I rather think the complication would do better on the stage: it gives more "go" to the business to have Demailly throw water on Sir George, and to have Fay appear in harlequin's clothes, especially when that part is taken by a lady who looks well in tights.

So I think "The Ambassador" is the more literary: that is, it contains things that please me more as I read the plays over quietly at home, please me more than do various things about "The Princess and the Butterfly." Still, I doubt not that the latter play was the more successful on the stage (at any rate, it was successful enough to come over here, as "The Ambassador" has not yet), and very probably for the very things that are not wholly pleasing to one who only reads.

In the Fifth Reader, or perhaps the Fourth, there used to be a tale about two sculptors who made two statues to go up and be set on a very high place. The reader may remember it: one statue seemed very coarse and rude till it got where it was intended to be; the other, which was very charming and delicate when examined down below, lost a good deal when it was put in place. I think it is the same thing here. Mr. Pinero knows the stage better than Mrs. Craigie: he is somewhat conventional and confined, it is true, but he must know the stage. Ladies wear rouge on the stage and put black lines under their eyes, I believe, and do other things that would not render them attractive in the parlor; and so do the men. I fancy that it may be that some of these things that we do n't like about Mr. Pinero may be necessary for the right effect across the footlights.

But the others, — the delicacies, the delightful half-tones, — why must they miss their effect? Why can they never be put rightly



on the stage? Why can they get no farther than to be realized by the kindly imagination? Why should we not like them when we saw them in real flesh and blood? Even if the other things be necessary, why should we not have these too?

Be content, my dear insatiable; your keenest pleasures, your most delightful half-minutes,—do you really wish to share them with the multitude?

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

#### A ROUND-UP OF BOOKS OF THE WAR.\*

If students of history smile at the coloring given the facts in the war of 1812, where the retreat after Lundy's Lane is converted into a victory, and the sacking of York, the Canadian capital, is omitted in order to leave the British without reason for the reprisals at Washington, they will frown at the exposure of national weaknesses which make up most of the histories of the war with Spain. There is no place in the intelligent world of to-day for the sentiment "My country, right or wrong," and there should be no place for the sensation-mongering with which an unscrupulous press is now contaminating our books. Of the many volumes relating to the war which have come from the pens of our soldiers and sailors, there is little complaint to be made; they are for the most part sober, dignified, intelligent,

\* THE "MAINE": An Account of her Destruction in Havana Harbor. By Charles D. Sigbee. New York: The Century Co.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC." By Richmond Pearson Hobson. New York: The Century Co.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN. By Joseph Wheeler. Boston: Landon, Wolfe & Co.

THE GATLING GUN DETACHMENT AT SANTIAGO. By John H. Parker. Kansas City: The Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company.

IN CUBA WITH SHAFTER. By John D. Miley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FIGHT FOR SANTIAGO. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Co.

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR NAVY IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN. By John R. Spears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WITH SAMPSON THROUGH THE WAR. By W. A. M. Goode. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Co.

CAMPAIGNING IN CUBA. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Co.

THE STORY OF THE ROUGH RIDERS. By Edward Marshall. New York: The G. W. Dillingham Co.

CANNON AND CAMERA. By John C. Hemment. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR. By Eye-Witnesses. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

THE STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Murat Halstead. Chicago: The Dominion Company.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN. By Marion Wilcox. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE WAR WITH SPAIN. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

FIGHTING FOR HUMANITY; or, Camp and Quarter-Deck. By Oliver O. Howard. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

impartial, and painstaking. Of others prepared by civilians, whether in or out of the field, most of those hewed out by the swords of fighting journalists add new terrors—of slander, untruth, partiality, suppression of vital facts, and vituperation—to what, in General Sherman's profoundly truthful phrase, was already Hell. It is hardly needful to repeat here the fact, patent to everyone who glances at any of these volumes, that they are the raw material of history rather than history itself, the protoplasm from which time and patient study shall eventually bring something organic. So far, there appears to be hardly a suspicion of sources of information outside of our own country which must be consulted to insure accuracy of statement; and the prevailing assumption that there can be no other side to a controversy in which the United States is a party, is the final proof that these volumes are largely tentative and ephemeral.

If there is any general fault in the books written by the various officers of our army and navy, it is that they are too long. Captain Sigbee's account of the destruction of the "Maine," for example, could have been kept in half the space. There is in this work, too, an assumption of Spanish guilt which is not justified by the facts which have so far come to light, however strongly it may be inferred; and there is a notable lack of information from that side, though it was at hand and available. But the story of the sinking of the great battleship has much merit as a bit of literary work. This is quite as true of Lieutenant Hobson's personal narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac," in spite of his lack of reserve in describing the actual submergence of the vessel. But he dwells too long upon the minor matters of his imprisonment, making an anti-climax in spite of the thrilling scenes attending his return to his own flag. Had there been judicious suppression in the account of his detention by Spain, the book would be nearly perfect; even as it is, it deserves wide circulation. If other naval officers can write half as well as these two, it is a pity that they are so ill-represented in our literature.

Major-General Joseph Wheeler has limited himself to a bare—almost bald—statement of fact, and to a reproduction of official reports from his own papers and those of his superiors and subordinates. His book on "The Santiago Campaign" is interesting in spite of this, and will increase in value with the years. Lieutenant John H. Parker was not only in command of "The Gatlings at Santiago," but it was due to him that there were any Gatlings there. What he has to say of machine-guns in the battle-line, and of their effect when opposed to artillery, is of real importance. Had all our officers been possessed of a tithe of Lieutenant Parker's zeal and intelligence there would have been fewer mistakes.

Lieutenant-Colonel Miley served as *aide-de camp* to the general commanding the expedition against Santiago, from the beginning to the end of the war. His book, "In Cuba with Shafter," has therefore



all the intimacy of a personal narrative and much of the importance of an official document. Rather with this and the foregoing books than with those of the professional journalists and compilers is to be ranked Mr. Stephen Bonsal's account of "The Fight for Santiago." All of these show General Shafter to be a patient, hard-working, thoughtful man, who, till he succumbed to illness which deserves pity rather than abuse, was doing the best he possibly could do under extreme disadvantages which were by no means of his making.

It is well to remind the public here that the losses by sickness and mismanagement before Santiago were due chiefly to the deliberate inattention of Congress, for many years, to the needs of both army and navy. That preparation for war in the face of war is not only the least efficient but the most expensive preparation, has assuredly been clearly demonstrated; but so great is the inertia of our people, that the new Congress will probably be found quite as incompetent to give us the skill and practice so sadly needed as these which have now left their shameful record behind. The evils of the spoils system, in which Congressmen from both houses played an unenviable part, the unwillingness of the Administration to accept war as a probability or to stand out against an apportionment of military offices among mere politicians when there were trained soldiers kept in idleness, the favoritism in the navy which has led to such unnecessary wrangling and dispute,—these are matters for the dispassionate hand of time to set down without fear and without malice. The thousands of ruined lives resulting from the expeditions in Cuba and Porto Rico were offered up on an altar of national ignorance and indifference erected long before the outbreak of hostilities—an altar which has not yet been thrown down.

In the face of these facts, and in the face of the books which have already been mentioned, it is impossible to acquit Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. John R. Spears of malice. In "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," the former is fairly scurrilous in his attacks upon General Shafter, while he exalts General Miles to a point which forces him to omit all mention of the illness which fell upon the soldiers in Porto Rico, though every whit as severe and extensive as that in Cuba; while Mr. Spears, in "Our Navy in the War with Spain," makes a similar attack upon Commodore Schley, at the same time apotheosizing Admiral Sampson. Both journalists suppress and distort the facts to suit their ends, and both have written books which are to be classed as fiction rather than sober history.

It may be well to add here that the insinuations of cowardice which are made against Shafter and Schley respectively are unsupported by any facts. In respect of Admiral Schley and Admiral Sampson, it must be remembered that both had served their country faithfully and without reproach up to the opening of the war with Spain, when Sampson was placed in command of one who was his senior and had been his superior officer during the War of the

Rebellion. There both officers behaved as American sailors have always behaved, though Sampson had the ill luck to lose the ship on which he was executive officer, the monitor "Petapasco," in Charleston harbor, a fact which may be looked for in vain in Mr. Spears's "History of Our Navy." Since the war, Sampson has presided over the destinies of the Naval Academy at Annapolis with dignity and decorum, has aided materially in bringing our ordnance to the point of efficiency shown in this war when in charge of the Ordnance Department, and, as Mr. Spears reminds us, has written an admirable paper on "The Naval Defence of Our Coast." Nothing is said of Schley's remarkable record, but it might have been told that he has landed blue-jackets in Central America, in Corea, and in the Cho-Sen Islands; has cleared up the difficulties with Chile; has rescued the Greeley expedition to the North Pole,—in short, has been in active and continuous service, doing deeds rather than writing essays or conducting experiments. It is not, then, the records of the two men which gave Sampson the position of commanding officer which availed him so little, as Mr. Spears disingenuously suggests.

Mr. Goode, who was "With Sampson through the War" as correspondent of the Associated Press, is a little fairer than Mr. Spears and not quite so fond. His praise does not lack discrimination, but his partisanship is nevertheless complete. He suppresses, for example, all mention of the dispatch from Sampson ordering Schley to hold his fleet off Santiago; and, following Sampson again, he regards Schley's obedience to this order to be reprehensible. This is the more unpardonable, because Admiral Sampson has evidently supplied the writer with most of his material, including a chapter of his own. Mr. Goode, too, has his quarrel with Shafter, evidently by way of retribution for the General's criticism of the Navy. Yet the work shows painstaking, even to the extent of drawing upon the Spanish for information.

"Campaigning in Cuba," Mr. George Kennan's account of services performed in connection with the Red Cross Society, is a vivid picture of suffering and hardship, ameliorated in a considerable degree by the efforts of Mr. Kennan and his associates. The book, commendable in almost all respects, is injured by the persistency with which references to Siberian matters are dragged in, and far more by a determination to hold General Shafter responsible for all the calamities which fell under the writer's vision among the American soldiers. Both Colonel Miley and Lieutenant Parker disprove Mr. Kennan's statement that the lack of surgical attendance was due to the commanding general.

The vivid account of "The Rough Riders" from the pen of Mr. Edward Marshall, the newspaper correspondent who achieved the distinction of being severely wounded while joining in a charge, is well worth reading, filled as it is with dramatic pictures by an eye-witness of the exciting events in the ca-

reer of that famous regiment. As is perhaps inevitable in such a book, it lacks a sense of proportion. Without in the least reflecting upon the character of the work done by that excellent volunteer organization, there is here accorded a meed of praise which is surpassing in both quantity and quality. It is well to remember that not less than a thousand volunteer regiments, both North and South, were equally instant in performing their duty as they understood it during the Civil War. Let us not forget that we laughed at battles like Caney and San Juan when the Cubans and Spaniards were fighting two years or so ago, and that some notion of relative values must be preserved for Gettysburg and the Wilderness will take on the dimensions of skirmishes. Mr. Marshall, too, has something to urge against Shafter, which rests more upon his mere averment than upon any facts he chooses to relate.

The books remaining are of lesser moment, though having value as repositories of material. Mr. John C. Hemment is an expert photographer whose zeal carried him not only to Santiago but into the firing-line in search of subjects for his camera. To him are due many of the pictures that have given those at home so vivid a conception of the war, and it is in these pictures that the interest of his "Cannon and Camera" chiefly lies. Another abundantly illustrated book is "The Spanish-American War by Eye-Witnesses," compiled from original sources, chiefly the daily press. It is episodic, but of much interest, the materials being well chosen. Mr. Murat Halstead describes the battle of Manila in "The Story of the Philippines," styling himself "Historian of the Philippine Expedition." His voluminous work is encyclopedic in its scope, but with neither alphabetical arrangement nor index. It also is illustrated.

"A Short History of the War with Spain," the work of Mr. Marrion Wilcox, is an agreeable disappointment, being fair, comprehensive, succinct, and, considering the material at hand when it was put forth, accurate. "The War with Spain," by Mr. Charles Morris, is written down to the many, is filled with errors, and will be a real grief to those who welcomed his compendium of facts relating to our navy. General O. O. Howard, in "Fighting for Humanity," confines himself to the means taken for the christianization of American soldiers and sailors, and his book is of religious rather than warlike interest. It will supply some interesting paragraphs to the future historian.

Though the war itself was waged with the weapons of civilization, the controversies which have attended its close have the savor of those ill-smelling contrivances still in use, we believe, among the Chinese. It is to be hoped that unseemly partisanship in respect of such dissensions may give way to a spirit of reform, — turning our national energies to the prevention of future scandals rather than to the reanimation of issues which need nothing so much as decent burial.

JOHN J. CULVER.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

The "Wessex Poems and Other Verses" of Mr. Thomas Hardy display much rugged strength and an occasional flash of beauty, but they are evidently nothing more than the literary diversions of a man who has cast his best intellectual effort in other moulds of expression. Yet at moments they exhibit qualities that almost persuade us a true poet was lost when Mr. Hardy became a novelist. Sometimes it is merely a haunting phrase, such as "at mothy curfew-tide," that arrests our attention; at others it is a longer passage of striking power, such as a passage, for example, as this from the lines addressed "to a lady offended by a book of the writer's":

"So be it. I have borne such. Let thy dreams  
Of me and mine diminish day by day,  
And yield their place to shine of amugger things;  
Till I shape to thee but in fitful gleams,  
And then in far and feeble visitings,  
And then surcease. Truth will be truth alway."

Sometimes, again, although rarely, it is an entire poem, such as "Heiress and Architect," perhaps the strongest of all Mr. Hardy's pieces, too long to quote, and too compactly knit to bear dismemberment. But we may find space for "Nature's Questioning," which contains the essence of the poet's message.

"When I look forth at dawning, pool,  
Field, flock, and lonely tree,  
All seem to look at me  
Like chastened children sitting silent in a school;

"Their faces dulled, constrained, and worn,  
As though the master's ways  
Through the long teaching days  
Their first terrestrial zest had chilled and overborne.

\* *WESSEX POEMS, and Other Verses.* By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*SONGS AND MEDITATIONS.* By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES, and Other Poems.* By Robert Burns Wilson. New York: R. H. Russell.

*POEMS.* By Philip Henry Savage. Boston: Copeland & Day.

*THE DREAM BEAUTIFUL, and Other Poems.* By Charles Hamilton Musgrove. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

*A BOOKLET OF VERSE.* By William Norman Guthrie. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.

*BENEATH BLUE SKIES AND GRAY.* Poems by Ingram Crockett. New York: R. H. Russell.

*ALONG THE TRAIL. A Book of Lyrics.* By Richard Hovey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

*FOR TRUTH AND FREEDOM. Poems of Commemoration.* By Armistead C. Gordon. Staunton, Va.: Albert Shultz.

*SONGS OF GOOD FIGHTING.* By Eugene R. White. Boston: Lonsbrough, Wolfe & Co.

*THE WAYFARERS.* By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Copeland & Day.

*THE SONG OF STRADELLA, and Other Songs.* By Anna Gannon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

*THE IMMORTALS.* By Martha Perry Lowe. Boston: The Botsford Book Co.

*SOME VERSES.* By Helen Hay. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

"And on them stirs, in lippings mere  
(As if once clear in call,  
But now scarce breathed at all) —  
"We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here.

"Has some Vast Imbecility,  
Mighty to build and blend,  
But impotent to tend,  
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?

"Or come we of an Automaton  
Unconscious of our pains? . . .  
Or are we live remains  
Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

"Or is it that some high Plan betides,  
As yet not understood,  
Of Evil stormed by Good,  
We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement strides?"

"Thus things around. No answerer I . . .  
Meanwhile the winds, and rains,  
And Earth's old glooms and pains  
Are still the same, and gladdest Life Death neighbors nigh."

This is one of the undated, and presumably later, poems; its pessimism is that of "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure." But a similar note is struck in several pieces that bear the date 1866, which shows that Mr. Hardy has consistently maintained the same attitude toward the fundamental problems of existence. More than thirty years ago he could pen such verses as these:

"How arrives it joy lies slain,  
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?  
Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,  
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan . . .  
These purblind doomsters had as readily strown  
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain."

Of the "Wessex poems" proper we have said nothing, for they form the least interesting part of the collection. But there must be at least one word of mention for the simple and appropriate sketches made by the author himself to illustrate his poems.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Songs and Meditations" are dated more than two years back, but the volume which contains them has only recently been sent us for review, an occurrence which we doubtless owe to the large measure of popularity so deservedly won by Mr. Hewlett's prose romance of last year. These poems are all that we should expect from the author of "The Forest Lovers" and "Earthwork out of Tuscany." They have a distinction of manner and of phrase that is almost unerring, and that at one moment suggests Mr. Henley, at another Patmore, and at still another our own Emerson. Yet no one could fairly charge Mr. Hewlett with being imitative, for his utterance is distinctly his own, as this "Dirge" witnesses:

"How should my lord come home to his lands?  
Alas for my lord, so brown and strong!  
A lean cross in his folded hands,  
And a daw to croak him a resting song.

"And in autumn tide when the leaves fall down,  
And wet falls as they fall, drip by drip,  
My lord lies wan that was once so brown,  
And the frost cometh to wither his lip.

"My lord is white as the morning mist,  
And his eyes ring'd like the winter moon:  
And I will come as soon as ye list —  
O love, it is time? May the time be soon!"

Here, in a very different measure, is an utterance even more original:

"Man is a cage of pain,  
His thought is a pure thin fire  
That beateth against the bars  
And bonds of his grosser part,  
Astrain for the sky. And behold  
The flame roareth and rendeth,  
And the war nor stayeth nor endeth!

"Then at last when the bars  
Of the body shatter'd and torn  
Cleave asunder, the flame  
Winneth the bitter stars  
(Keener than scimitars),  
And man lieth prone in shame:  
Better not to be born!"

The elusive charm of such a poem as "Artemision" is not to be described, but the pleasure of feeling it is within the reach of every reader.

"Now Winter stealeth out like a white nun,  
Cloaking her face behind her icy fingers,  
And men each day look longer at the Sun,  
While late and later yet the sweet light lingers.

"Fast by the hedgerows, bit by gales of March,  
A chaplet for thy brows of delicate leaves —  
Tendrils of briony, ruby tufts of larch,  
Wood sorrel, crocus pale, the New Year weaves.

"Yet is thy smile half wintry, as forlorn  
To view thy state too solemn for thy years,  
And half amazed as a flower's, late born,  
And not more quick for pleasure than for tears.

"Thy month austere telleth thy cloistral fashion:  
March frost thy pride is, March wind thy pent passion."

We miss from this volume a very beautiful sonnet upon the Botticelli Madonna of the Uffizii, published in "The Athenæum" several years ago.

Nature and the soul of man, the solace of the one for the doubts and perplexities of the other — these are the intertwined themes of Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's volume called "The Shadows of the Trees." This closing stanza of "A Walk with a Child" may be taken as a highly characteristic example of Mr. Wilson's work:

"Come, I will cast this cloak of care aside,  
And break the world's false armour from my breast:  
His kingdom, from thine eyes, God doth not hide;  
Come, we together, will go forth to rest,  
Somewhere — secure — wrapped in the sacred dream  
Which haply, waiteth still,

Close nestled in the hollow of yon hill  
Amidst the drifting leaves. There shall the wild  
And inarticulate whisperings, once more,  
Speak, with unlying tongues. Once more the stream  
Shall sing of beauty which remaineth ever:  
No more shall bitter tears for lost endeavour  
Be known to us. All things that should have been,  
Shall vex us not. Thy steps shall go before  
Towards God's kingdom. On the hidden door  
Thy hand shall knock, and we shall enter in."

The final philosophy of the poet finds its best expression in this stanza from "Dust and Ashes":

"There be but two things which the soul may find  
On this sad earth, and, finding, should hold fast, —  
The soul of beauty, which dwells in the mind  
And hence in all things, for all things are cast  
In our soul's proper measure; and the last  
And best is love; love truly can repay



The heart's full sacrifice, for love, being past  
Leaves something with us that no fate can slay;  
And if love linger till the end be here,  
What cause have we for sorrow then, what cause for fear?"

These two quotations afford sufficient evidence of the fact that Mr. Wilson's poetry is out of the common, that it displays a deeper passion and a finer gift than most minor singers have at their command. We should like to enforce this proposition by numerous further extracts, but space forbids more than one other, a stanza from the poem which asks a question that often before this has put a too complacent optimism to shame.

"Would we return  
If love's enchantment held the heart no more,  
And we had come to count the wild, sweet pain,  
The fond distress, the lavish tears, but vain;  
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar  
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore  
Worn out the soul's long anguish, and had slain  
The dragon of despair; if then the train  
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,  
The same voice called, and, with soft eyes beguiling,  
Our lost love beckoned, through time's grey veil smiling,  
Would we return?"

One thing, and one only, about Mr. Wilson's volume we regret. We find among the contents a battle song called "Remember the Maine." The sooner that discreditable phase of last year's war is forgotten, the better it will be for our national reputation.

The "Poems" of Mr. Philip Henry Savage are, for the most part, trifling and fanciful, although the light touch of the writer sometimes sounds a chord of deep feeling, as in these lines:

"This crystal sapphire of the sky  
Is saner far than you and I,  
Who in our passions and our dreams  
Run ever more to wild extremes.  
"The pure perfection of the sea  
Lies not in mirth and tragedy;  
But like the silence of the snows  
In breadth of beauty and repose.  
"God give one moment, ere we die,  
As crystal clear as the blue sky,  
Serene as ocean, white as snow,  
And glowing as the heavens glow."

Mr. Savage is often happy in his form of expression, but not often as happy as this.

"The Dream Beautiful," by Mr. C. H. Musgrove, is a small and not unpleasing volume of a conventional sort of verse. We are glad to reproduce "Cain, or Christ?" two quatrains written for Easter of last year, which express what so many thousands were feeling at that time.

"Athwart the blazing ramparts of the day  
The white-robed hosts of peace come hand in hand,  
White palms and lilies strew the joyous way,  
And Christ, the risen King, smiles o'er the land.  
"Behind the sullen fortress of the night  
Cain's armed legions wait with feverish breath,  
While high above them, lost to mortal sight,  
Hover the black and steadfast wings of Death."

Mr. William Norman Guthrie has approved himself an essayist of sobriety and force, but he has not

acquired freedom of motion when hampered by the restriction of rhyme and rhythm. Such lines as these —

"Dear moon. So white, so swift,  
That fliest from cloud to cloud  
Athwart each starry drift, —  
How haughty and virgin-browed!  
There clings about thy form  
A circle of hallowed light.  
It glides, and hides the swarm  
Of stars that would hide thy flight" —

are of the best that we can find in "A Booklet of Verse," a modest publication just put forth by Mr. Guthrie.

Mr. Crockett's volume of lyrics called "Beneath Blue Skies and Gray" is one to be read with considerable pleasure, although the measures are somewhat cloying in their sweetness, and a few sentiments receive so much reiteration as to grow monotonous. The poet's inspiration comes almost wholly from natural beauty, which clearly means a great deal to him. His observation, too, seems usually to have been faithful, although we cannot at all understand him when he writes of

"The creek, where lirioidendrons tall,  
Lift high their golden cups,"

and we are doubtful of the sense in which he means us to take the forced figure in

"The mocking-bird is joyous there  
In wild parabolae of song."

His best may be illustrated by this sonnet to "October."

"Dim are the emeralds of dead Summer's crown,  
And to her throne, where rubies flash and glow,  
October comes with queenly step and slow,  
Pale asters braided in her tresses brown.  
The blue curled banners of the mist hang down,  
The milkweed bolls are white with silken snow,  
The thistle's silver argosies cut-blow,  
And insect voices chant their Queen's renown.  
With tender eyes of happy, dreamful light  
She looks abroad on spreading fallow lands,  
On soft gray skies and wooded hillsides bright,  
The aged Year's offering in her outstretched hands:  
The partridge pipes a welcome — leaping white  
The brook sings welcome from its leaf-strewn sands."

Some pretentious occasional poems, in which the note is too forced to be altogether pleasant, a group of love songs and sonnets, often prettily done, but never more than that; and a few pieces suggested by the war with Spain, form the chief contents of Mr. Hovey's lyrical collection called "Along the Trail." The things last mentioned come first in the volume, and, being mostly sound and fury, do not predispose to a favorable judgment of what is to follow. It is claimed, we believe, that the phrase "Remember the Maine," as it occurs in one of these pieces, is Mr. Hovey's own. If so, we wish him joy of it, and of the ignoble uses to which it has been put. We will illustrate his better work by means of the following sonnet:

"My love for you dies many times a year,  
And a new love is monarch in his place.  
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;  
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near."



For love is born of wonder, kin to fear —  
 Things grown familiar lose the sweet amaze;  
 Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze  
 To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.  
 But in the blue night of your endless soul  
 New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;  
 Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal,  
 And the new love is ever love of you.  
 Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,  
 And finds them — in the hollow of your hand."

A set of translations from Mallarmé are about the most successful things in Mr. Hovey's new volume. They have no lasting value as poetry, but neither have their originals, and they do reproduce something of the striking verbal effects at which the poet chiefly aimed.

The pamphlet into which Mr. Armistead C. Gordon has gathered a group of four occasional and memorial poems is so slight a thing in appearance that it might easily be overlooked. We are glad to call attention to it, for the quality of the verse is of a higher order than is usual in such productions, and is inspired by a deeper sentiment. In its memories of the War, this verse is strongly Southern (or rather Virginian) in its sympathies. Here is a stanza, good as a whole, and made peculiarly impressive by the poignant pathos of the closing verse:

"When came the bitter end, the bugle blew  
 Its last sad note, that brought the blinding tears  
 Down wasted cheeks from eyes that only knew  
 Honor and Death through all the weary years.  
 The long hard fight was done;  
 Silenced was every gun;  
 And what we lost, e'en now they do not dream, who won."

One of the poems was written for the University of Virginia, and contains this fine tribute to the memory of its founder.

"One name, before which none in all time ever  
 Hath been or shall be, shining there is writ: —  
 Worker of Revolutions, mighty giver  
 Of Freedom's charter, and the Voice of it.  
 When kingdoms shake, and iron empires fall,  
 Through multitudinous time shall ring the clarion call

"Of the eternal lesson that he taught: —  
 'The gift of God is Freedom.' Never gift  
 In all the ages with his promise fraught.  
 Hath been bestowed like this one to uplift  
 Mortality to godhood, and to light  
 Man's pathway through the years till Time be put to flight."

The sympathy which we felt for Mr. Kipling during his recent illness may fairly be matched by the sympathy that he at all times deserves for his sufferings at the hands of the parodists. Here, for example, is a volume called "Songs of Good Fighting," and the sort of thing it contains is almost wholly this:

"We left a town where the sun stood slant on the fardled  
 dead in the whetted square —  
 The murrey sun on a cruise foredoze flaxed the West to a  
 tawny glare,  
 And a cozening wind coaxed at our sails, as we set forth to  
 Otherwhere."

The author of this volume appears to be a very bloodthirsty young person, and our slighting comment upon his work is made with some trepidation.

"The Wayfarers" is the title of a book of song by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody. It is also the title of the opening poem, a sort of allegory of the spiritual pilgrimage, beautifully told and strangely impressive. Here is one stanza that will bear reading apart from the rest:

"A red, red rose the early sun  
 Came up, as glad as any guest;  
 A white, white rose whose bloom was done,  
 The moon did wane unto the west.  
 The waking fields breathed warm and stirred  
 Small presences of song, half heard;  
 The wan stars closed against the day like flowers that fold  
 them for their rest."

It is a relief to find in this collection, after the wilderness of lyrics and sonnets through which most minor poets bid us find a way, an attempt to do something else. We refer to a small group of "Idyls," Tennysonian or Landorian in their inspiration. Such verse as the following, while not remarkable, is sweet and satisfying. The subject is "Orpheus in Hades."

"But when he came  
 The trance of snow was troubled. Like the spring,  
 I felt sweet stir of long-forgotten roots,  
 Soft wakening in darkness, and afraid.  
 Ever the air grew warmer, drew a breath  
 Against the immortal heart-throb of the strings;  
 Till with some portent like a thunder-burst,  
 My sleep was rifted. . . . There stood I, agaze,  
 With them that gathered round him where he sang  
 Bright as a torch in the bewildered eyes  
 Of wistful hearers, pressing close, to melt  
 The lonely peace away."

In "The Song of Stradella," by Miss Anna Gannon, we have, to begin with, two longish poems. One of them gives the book its title, and the other is "A Dream of Shakespeare's Women," the charming embodiment of a happy thought. We have also a number of simpler pieces, that display a moderate degree of poetic taste and sensibility. "A Song of Rest" is a typical illustration.

"I heard a song of rest so infinite  
 That even thought was silenced, and a peace  
 Fell on the spirit softer than the light  
 Of quiet stars when dreary day shall cease.

"Who hath not drifted to that fairy shore?  
 Who hath not longed to find that isle so blest,  
 Where hope shall cheat and fate betray no more,  
 And all life's fever turn to dreamless rest?"

Many of these pieces are reminiscences of scenes, persons, and books, gracefully obvious, and leaving no deep impression upon the memory.

"The Immortals" is a small book of obituary poetry, devoted for the most part to singing the virtues of deceased Bostonians. A few outsiders, as Chatterton, Shelley, and Schubert, are admitted to this company, and all are extolled in hackneyed commonplaces that parade in the form of verse. There is no original beauty, no freshness of criticism, no inspiration in these pieces. Such lines as the following, inscribed to Shelley, which might have been written fifty years ago, are enough to make the poet turn in his grave:

"Yea, verily there is a God in heaven:  
To know Him, unto thee it was not given.  
He yearned to draw thee to his mighty breast,  
And soothe thy weary, fluttering heart to rest."

A score or more of sonnets and sonnet-like poems, together with something like the same number of brief lyrics, make up the contents of a small volume of verse by Miss Helen Hay. It is verse that deserves more than a perfunctory commendation, for it bears evidence upon every page of poetic sensibility and the artistic conscience. Miss Hay is clearly of those who work upon their verses until the first rough spontaneity is overlaid with the polish that betokens painstaking craftsmanship, and then again until this polish is made so transparent that the first freshness reappears, softened and subdued. The lyric impulse is very strong in these pieces, often attuned to the chord of passion, yet rarely without the reflective element that makes of a poem something more than sensuousness alone. Let us take this sonnet for an illustration:

"Kiss me but once, and in that space supreme  
My whole dark life shall quiver to an end,  
Sweet Death shall see my heart and comprehend  
That life is crowned, and in an endless gleam  
Will fix the color of the dying stream,  
That Life and Death may meet as friend with friend  
An endless immortality to blend;  
Kiss me but once, and so shall end my dream.  
And then Love heard me and bestowed his kiss,  
And straight I cried to Death: I will not die!  
Earth is so fair when one remembers this;  
Life is but just begun! Ah, come not yet!  
The very world smiles up to kiss the sky,  
And in the grave one may forget—forget."

In these verses the passion is warm and throbbing; how spiritualized another mood may make it appears in the following sonnet, which we reproduce both for its own strange ethereal beauty and for the instructive contrast which it affords when set beside the other:

"Ah, love, my love, upon this alien shore  
I lean and watch the pale uneasy ships  
Slip thro' the waving mist in strange eclipse,  
Like spirits of some time and land of yore.  
I did not think my heart could love thee more,  
And yet, when, lightlier than a swallow dips,  
The wind lays ghostly kisses on my lips,  
I seem to know of love the eternal core.  
Here is no throbbing of impassioned breath  
To beat upon my cheek, no pulsing heart  
Which might be silenced by the touch of Death,  
No smile which other smile has softly kissed,  
Or dotting gaze which Time must draw apart,  
But spirit's spirit in the trailing mist."

As for Miss Hay's lyrics, we are tempted to call them less lyrical than the sonnets. In other words, there is a marked reflective element in both her groups of pieces, and in the song proper this element should be felt rather than expressed as definitely as it is here, at least in a few cases. But we would not close these comments without again indicating our sense of the finish and the distinction of Miss Hay's volume, which we wish were, and trust will in time become, a much larger one.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Democracy:  
its evils and  
their remedy.*

The practical reformer, as well as the student of political philosophy, will find Professor James H. Hyslop's pungent and venturesome little study of "Democracy" (Scribner) decidedly interesting. Unlike Mr. Lecky and most recent critics of Democracy, Professor Hyslop does not content himself with fault-finding, with showing wherein and how grievously this form of government, which was ushered in with such salvos and plaudits and golden predictions a century ago, has fallen short of the millennial hopes formed of it. "Barking at the Devil," he says, "is not sufficient." He therefore not only points out (in a very plain-spoken and peppery way) wherein our political system is in its workings intolerably defective, but he grapples boldly with the much more difficult task of proposing specific remedies for the most crying defects. He offers for debate a set of apparently feasible remedial devices which go to form "a complete system of government which is neither a reaction toward monarchy, nor an acceptance of the *status quo*." Professor Hyslop takes care to say that his scheme is not offered as an object of immediate practical politics, but only as a general conception to be borne in mind when proposing measures of reform. Broadly stated, the direction of political reforms should be, Professor Hyslop thinks, that of specializing the functions of government, simplifying those of the citizen, and of increasing the powers of the executive. The remedies he suggests, it must be added, are not in the direction of those popular nostrums, the referendum and the initiative—which, however, he admits to be democracy's logical and natural consequences which may have to be allowed to develop their course. His plan may be regarded, then, either as a substitute for the referendum and the initiative, or as a remedy to be resorted to after these shall have been tried and found wanting. Briefly stated, Professor Hyslop's plan is to enlarge the executive's appointing power, to curtail the power of removal through the establishment of an independent Court of Impeachment and Removal, and to modify the legislature's method of passing its laws. The "court of removal" he regards as the key to his entire system of reform. That system we cannot attempt to state here in detail, much less to discuss; but we heartily commend it as well worth the study and consideration of our readers. It is not often that one finds a political treatise so thoughtful and philosophical, yet at the same time so practical, aggressive, and stimulating, as is this of Professor Hyslop's.

*Queen Elizabeth's  
great minister.*

Mr. Martin A. S. Hume is a diligent and successful student of the Elizabethan age. His two monographs, "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" and "The Year after the Armada," are now succeeded by "The Great Lord Burghley" (Longmans), a solid octavo of 500 pages, in which the career of Elizabeth's

great minister is followed with fidelity from beginning to end. Any writer who attempts to do this in 500 pages must sacrifice something: and Mr. Hume has sacrificed much. With every temptation to be picturesque, to describe, like Green, the English people, to stir his readers' blood with the heroic achievements of that awakening age in which England first found herself, he has resolutely stuck to his task. It was probably not easy writing, and it is rather hard reading: Cecil's cautious and self-seeking policy during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary was essentially unheroic; and his forty years of power under Elizabeth are splendid chiefly in their devotion to England's interest and William Cecil's advancement. The annals of a half-century's tortuous intriguing may be as tedious as those of that much prosperity; and the fact that Lord Burghley lived safely through a period crowded with brilliant but disastrous careers vindicates his worldly wisdom, but withholds the meed of nobility. It was, indeed, as Macaulay has remarked, no place for a Richelieu: the sovereign was too masterful. Strange compound of her father's coarse violence and her mother's light vanity, Elizabeth Tudor had her own dower of sagacity; and though she smiled on flatterers, she always came back to the grave and patient man who sat in her presence and gave her what she knew to be the best advice. She had many suitors, and talked always of marriage: but, Maiden Queen though she was and remained, she had an intellectual husband in her great Lord Treasurer. He steered the ship of the realm with infinite skill and determination, by his own methods, through the troublous waters of threatened war with Spain, France, and Scotland: and the jibe of his enemies — "*regnum Cecilianum*" — was founded in fact. He saved Elizabeth from herself, often with no acknowledgment but complaint; yet when she visited him in his sick-room, and the servant cautioned her to stoop on entering the low door, the Queen replied, "For your master only will I stoop, but not for the King of Spain." Mr. Hume's plan is, as above indicated, analytic, not descriptive. He steadily disentangles for our behoof the intricate web of manœuvres, intrigues, plots and counter-plots, which made into one fabric English, French, and Spanish affairs; and has no space — or but little — for the story of the Armada, Mary of Scotland's execution, or the rise and fall of Raleigh. He has done his chosen work well and thoroughly, and apparently without prejudice; and his estimate of Lord Burghley will probably command assent.

Two new books  
on Porto Rico.

Porto Rico is one of the choicest islands of the Greater Antilles. As a newly-acquired possession of the United States it has aroused almost universal interest. Located as it is on about the same parallels as Jamaica, it presents immense possibilities as a source of our tropical products. Mr. F. A. Ober's "Puerto Rico and its Resources" (Appleton) is an admirable compend of useful information about this charming

little island. With good discrimination he discusses its commercial and strategic value, its coastal features, its climate, seasons, products, natural history, government, and people, and its history down to the present. With about 3,600 square miles of territory and more than 800,000 population, it presents few possibilities for anyone besides capitalists, tourists, and educators. Eighty-six per cent of its peoples — more than one-half of whom are white, three-fourths of the remainder mulattos, and one-fourth blacks — are entirely illiterate. The lack of transportation facilities, enough railroads, and good highways, limit the productivity of the soil, though it can readily grow under proper conditions almost any tropical product. Counterbalancing this luxuriant tropical life are the evenness of the temperature, the humidity of the atmosphere, the frequency of storms and hurricanes. The evident work for the United States is to prepare good transportation facilities for the island, teach the Porto Ricans the possibilities of tropical agriculture, and to establish schools. — "The Porto Rico of To-day" (Scribner), by Mr. Albert Gardner Robinson, is a series of pen-pictures of the people and the country. In sixteen breezy chapters, the author sketches his experiences and observations in company with the military campaign which invaded Porto Rico last August. Life on a troop-ship, lack of organization in the "agglomeration" of soldiers which entered the island, personal encounters, and varied experiences during several weeks on the island, are appetizingly set before the reader. Mr. Robinson's observations on the future possibilities of the island are eminently sane, and cannot but do good among that restless class of people who are always plunging into risks with little or no capital. Amateur adventurers of any kind should read both of these books before rushing to Porto Rico. As set forth in these volumes, the field is an ideal one for foundation work in lifting up and training a susceptible and tractable people.

Mr. Jones's plays  
in book form.

We have already had occasion to express our opinion of the success of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in serious drama, so far as literature is concerned. And we suppose that he must wish to have his plays regarded as literature: else why should he publish them? With the stage we have little to do: our readers have probably before this had occasion to form their opinions as to Mr. Jones's ability there. But an acted play is not literature, and we do not judge it as if it were. We are not in the habit of getting our literature *viva voce*: we get it in books. Other things we call "literary" — pictures and plays, for instance; but it is by a sort of figure of speech. The drama is a thing by itself; it has its own canons and its own critics. But when a play is put into print, then it pretends to be literature, either is literature or is not, for any one of us, as any one of us may decide. It is as foolish to judge a printed play by what it might be if it were acted, as it is to judge a play on the stage by what it might be if it



were printed. "The Rogue's Comedy" (Macmillan) is, we imagine, better as a play to be read than as one to be acted, although Mr. Jones probably aimed at no such end. We recollect to have heard that it was by no means as successful as "The Liars," for instance. One of the reasons offered for its qualified failure was that it had no real love-story. This is practically the case: the play gives us the career of a charlatan, and the amusement comes mostly from its satire. Another thing that was probably ineffective on the stage was this: the charlatan's own son, who, never having known his father, has been successfully trying to expose him, brings matters to a head, — and the fellow goes away without telling. The Rogue and his wife sail for America without discovering himself to his son, who marries the young lady and possibly finds out afterwards. This may not have pleased the audience. We think, however, that it will please the reader. At any rate, one will enjoy this play, and several more of Mr. Jones's things that are yet to be published. It must be remembered, though, that some of the volumes are not so good as others — to put it mildly.

*Essays on  
phases of  
Evolution.*

Under the title of "Foot-Notes to Evolution" (Appleton) there has appeared from the facile pen of President Jordan a volume of essays on evolutionary topics which presents even more than the title promises; for it sets forth in fresh and attractive guise, not some incidental jottings upon the subject, but a skilful treatment of the main theme in some of its most important phases. The various conceptions of the term "evolution" are discussed and objections are vigorously raised against mistaken applications of the word and illegitimate extensions of its scope. The doctrine of descent reappears as "The Kinship of Life," and "The Heredity of Richard Roe" is the text for a lucid and non-partisan presentation and criticism of the theories of Galton and Weismann. Heredity, irritability, individuality, natural selection, self-activity, altruism, isolation, and inheritance are all recognized and discussed as elements of organic evolution. Professor E. G. Conklin contributes a chapter on the factors of organic evolution, in which he rejects both Weismann and Lamarck and counsels a return to Darwin. Professor F. M. McFarland also adds a popular discussion of the physical basis of heredity, in which recent discoveries in cell-life — and some of the latest speculations about the same — are freed from their technicalities and elucidated for the general reader. President Jordan loses no opportunity to enforce the relation of biological laws and theories to the questions of philosophy and to the unsolved problems of our modern civilization. The chapter on hereditary inefficiency is a strong protest against the perpetuation of crime and pauperism which our treatment of the delinquent classes now affords, and his discussion of the woman of pessimism and the woman of evolution is a vigorous protest, on biological grounds, against Schopenhauer's

misogynous tirade. The breadth of view, the freedom from the trammels alike of science and of dogma, the freshness and authenticity of the illustrative data, and above all the pleasing style, render this book one of the best of the popular treatises upon this ever-interesting subject.

*An unaccountable  
history of the  
United States.*

It is hard to account for Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Short History of the United States" (H. S. Stone & Co.) except as an unusually desperate case of cram and potboiling. It is superficially conceived and crudely executed, and is often childish in its blundering incompetency. A more inadequate and misjudged sketch of the Civil War, for example, we do not remember to have seen. There is not even a coherent outline, and men and movements are jumbled together in an altogether hopeless muddle. All the disasters of the North in the first two years of the war are laid in a bundle upon the shoulders of one man — McClellan. There is not a mention of Pope and his rout (the name is not even in the index); Burnside and Fredericksburg receive a single line, and Chancellorsville is to this historian apparently unknown. Instead, we are told that "McClellan's removal happily handed the destinies of the armies of the North into the hands of greater men," and that with his disappearance "the story of the war took a new meaning and the fortune of the cause began to wear an unfamiliar brightness," — the brightness, namely, of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, which succeeded the Union gloom of Antietam! The reading of a single book written by his fellow-countryman, Colonel Henderson, might have saved Mr. McCarthy from blunders such as these. Minor blunders may be exemplified by the placing of Mr. Lincoln's second election after the close of the war — in 1865 instead of 1864, — and naming Fremont as the Republican nominee of that campaign. The gem of the book is perhaps in the chapter treating of our recent war on Spain, in which we are told that "Spain would do nothing, promise nothing, perform nothing for the better treatment of Cuba. All she would do was to declare war on the United States." It is depressing to think that any educated Englishman could suppose this to be the sort of stuff Americans wish to read.

*Recollections of a  
British officer  
in the Peninsula.*

There is meat enough in the sizable volume entitled "A Boy in the Peninsular War" (Little, Brown, & Co.) to furnish out handsomely a half-dozen average military novels. While the incidents in the narrative (including the writer's own exploits) certainly lose nothing in the telling, its staple is truth, not fiction. The author is Robert Blakeney; and he narrates in a very stirring and circumstantial way the story of his services, experiences, and adventures as a subaltern in the Twenty-eighth Regiment in the Peninsula with the allied armies against the French. Blakeney was of Irish birth and English blood, and he joined his regiment at the age of fif-

teen in 1804. During the next ten years he had fighting enough to last most men for a lifetime, and he could certainly bear witness to the truth of General Sherman's aphorism that "War is hell." His story of the storming and sacking of Badajoz (cleansed and softened as it is by the editor) is shocking beyond description. The British soldiers got completely out of control of their officers, in whose sight (if we are to credit Blakeney) they perpetrated crimes inconceivable by a decent imagination. Blakeney left the army in 1828, and he seems to have spent the remainder of his life in administrative posts in the foreign civil service. He was for a time Health Inspector in the Island of Zante; and it was during this period that the present memoir was prepared. The manuscript has been furnished up and prepared for the press by the author's son-in-law, Mr. Julian Sturgis; and it is well worth the pains he has bestowed upon it. Notably interesting are the pen-pictures of Wellington and his officers, the story of the retreat through Spain to Corunna with Sir John Moore; the account of the death of that general, and of the battles of Corunna, Barossa, Badajoz, etc.

*The pioneering and building of a railroad.*

Of the material means which have contributed to make the outward life of to-day different from that of sixty years ago, certainly the railroad is foremost. Yet to the majority of people a vista of rails and ties and a train with its crew are about all the notions called up by the name. Mr. Warman, in his "Story of the Railroad" (Appleton), has endeavored to give a general idea of the vastness of the interests and the variety of the *personnel* involved in the great railroad systems of the West. And yet there are many phases of the work which he only hints at, — as, for instance, the legislative management, which would make a couple of interesting volumes; the financiering, of which Mr. Adams has told something; the operation, the most complex yet most perfect business mechanism in existence. In fact, it is the pioneering and the building of a railroad with which the book is chiefly concerned, and this in large measure the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. There is adventure and romance enough connected with the building of any great transcontinental railroad, but probably the Santa Fe had more than its share of these elements. As a consequence, Mr. Warman's recital, liberally illustrated as it is, is a fascinating story which ought to be much preferred to a novel by those who want "a true story."

*The struggle for Italian unity.*

The recollections of General Count Enrico Della Rocca, embracing the period from 1807 to 1893, are chiefly occupied with the important events of the struggle for Italian unity. General Rocca was in an exceptionally favorable position to know whereof he has written, since he himself took a prominent part in the contest, having been intimately associated with King Victor Emanuel as his chief of staff, and

intrusted with several delicate diplomatic missions. His "Autobiography of a Veteran" (Macmillan) is accordingly an interesting contribution to the history of the period. The book is remarkable in the fact that, although it is a record of matters in which the author had a leading part, it is singularly free from the vitiating influence of personal bias and from harsh criticisms of opponents. Remarkably superior to jealousy, General Rocca was able to honor Cavour and to be just to Garibaldi and Mazzini.

*A concise biography of Cavour.*

The Countess Cesaresco has written a very interesting account of the life and work of the great Italian diplomatist and statesman, Cavour, which forms a volume of the "Foreign Statesmen" series (Macmillan). Not too much has been attempted by the author, and enough has been done to furnish within the limits of 220 pages an account of the career, from early youth, of the man to whom, more than to any other, Italian unity is due — an account which will meet the requirements of the general reader. While the student of history will naturally have recourse to Cavour's correspondence and the published documents which throw light on his career, readers who wish a vivid presentation of the man as he lived and worked will find this book exceedingly interesting and profitable. The side-lights thrown upon contemporary history, and Russian, Austrian, French, and English diplomacy, constitute an attractive feature of the work.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"The French Revolution and the English Poets" (Holt), by Dr. Albert Elmer Hancock, is unfortunate in the fact that, although completed before the appearance in book form of Professor Dowden's lectures upon exactly the same subject for the Princeton Sesquicentennial, its publication has been delayed until now. As the work of a beginner in criticism, it would not be fair to institute any comparison at all between this book and its predecessor in point of publication, let us rather say that the present work is so well done that we have read it with much satisfaction, and that our shelves have room for it as well as for Professor Dowden's volume. Professor Lewis E. Gates contributes a few introductory pages to the book. Indeed, what with the dedication to Professor Wendell, and the further miscellaneous acknowledgements of the preface, the trail of Harvard is over the whole — no very bad thing for a book, all things considered.

"The Rights and Duties of American Citizenship," by Dr. W. W. Willoughby, is a school-book of more than ordinary value recently published by the American Book Co. The book has two sections, the first devoted to the elements of political science in general, and the second to a description of civil government, both national and local, in the United States. The author is fully abreast of the most progressive methods of dealing with these subjects, and his work is sound, practical, and compact. Our only criticism is that there does not seem to be quite enough matter in the book to fit it for use in the higher schools for which it is intended.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Algebra for Schools," by Mr. George M. Evans, is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"Tristram Shandy" in two volumes, with notes by Mr. Walter Jerrold, has appeared in the Dent-Macmillan series of "Temple Classics."

The American Baptist Publication Society have just sent us the "American Baptist Year-Book" for 1899, edited by Dr. J. G. Walker.

A daintily-printed little pamphlet containing some useful "Notes on Bookbinding" is sent us by Mr. Henry Blackwell, the New York binder.

"A Short History of Spain," by Miss Mary Pratt Parmele, is reissued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, uniform with the other "short histories" of this writer.

"In Lantern-Land" is the title of a new literary monthly, published at Hartford, Conn., and edited by Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, author of "American Book Plates."

"The Story of the West Indies," by Mr. Arnold Kennedy, is published by Messrs. M. F. Mansfield & Co. in a small volume belonging to "The Story of the Empire" series.

"La Crème" is a new monthly publication issued by Messrs. Charles E. Brown & Co., of Boston. Each issue will consist of a complete short story, the first number containing Kipling's "My Lord the Elephant."

Volume III. has just been published in the new "Bohn" edition of Bishop Berkeley's works, edited by Mr. George Sampson. "The Analyst," "The Querist" and "Siris" are among the contents of this volume.

A monograph "On the Sources of the Nonne Prestes Tale," by Miss Kate Oelzner Peterson, is published for Radcliffe College by Messrs. Ginn & Co. It is a pamphlet of 144 pages, with a bibliography and extensive index.

"The Fairy Land of Science," by Miss Arabella B. Buckley, has long enjoyed a deserved popularity with young people, and we welcome the revised and extended edition that has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Story of Geographical Discovery," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, which tells pleasantly and accurately "how the world became known," has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in their "Library of Useful Stories."

A timely publication of the Doubleday & McClure Co. is the small book containing Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyage to the Moon," in the seventeenth century translation of Lovell, slightly corrected by comparison with the original French text.

Three editions of the "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers for school use have come to us at the same time. The publishers are the Messrs. Macmillan, Heath, and Ginn, and the editors are, respectively, Miss Zelma Gray, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Miss Mary E. Litchfield.

"The Wild Fowl of the United States and British Possessions," by Mr. Daniel Giraud Elliot, is published by Mr. Francis P. Harper. It is a handsome volume, with many plates, intended for the guidance of the sportsman and the instruction of the amateur ornithologist.

Messrs. Williams, Barker & Severn, of Chicago, send out an interesting catalogue of a choice collection of books to be sold by them at auction on the 17th and

18th of this month. A copy of Boydell's Shakespeare handsomely bound in green morocco, Racinet's "La Costume Historique" bound in the original twenty parts, and a number of richly-illustrated art works are among the more important items in the lot.

"A Berkeley Year," being brief essays on the aspects of nature in California, combined with a "bird and flower calendar," is a tasteful volume edited by Miss Eva V. Carlin, and published by the Woman's Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley, California.

"The Atlantic Monthly" has secured for serial publication a new historical novel, dealing with the Pocahontas period of Virginian history and legend, by Miss Mary Johnston, whose "Prisoners of Hope" has received such high and deserved praise from many critical quarters.

Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. are now the American publishers of the novels of Signor d'Annunzio, having purchased the four works hitherto bearing the imprint of Messrs. G. H. Richmond & Co., and having also arranged for the early publication of "Il Fuoco" in an English translation.

It was a happy idea to bring together into one convenient volume two such masterpieces of critical writing as Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light" and the "Essay on Style" by Walter Pater. The little book containing them forms a volume of the "Miniature Series" published by the Macmillan Co.

A second edition of "The Day-Book of Wonders," by Mr. David Morgan Thomas, has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Thomas provides a "wonder" for every day in the year, and his book fills over six hundred closely printed pages. It is a treasury of curious information, mostly scientific, gleaned from extensive reading, and fortified by references to the authorities drawn upon.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 111 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Ruskin, Rossetti, and Preraphaelitism: Papers—1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti. Illus. in photogravure, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 327. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.
- Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature: A Study of the Literary Relations between France and England during the 18th Century. By Joseph Texte; trans. from the French by J. W. Matthews. 8vo, uncut, pp. 393. Macmillan Co. \$2.
- The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Leo Wiener. 8vo, pp. 402. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.
- The Spirit of Place, and Other Essays. By Alice Meynell. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 106. John Lane. \$1.25.
- The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. 12mo, uncut, pp. 428. "Periods of European Literature." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- Joubert: A Selection from his Thoughts. Trans. by Katharine Lyttelton; with Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, pp. 277. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- Chapters on Jewish Literature. By Israel Abrahams. M.A. 12mo, pp. 275. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. \$1.25.
- A Voyage to the Moon. By Monsieur Cyrano de Bergerac; edited by Curtis Hidden Page. Illus., 24mo, pp. 219. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50 cts. net.
- The Memory of Lincoln. Poems Selected, with Introduction, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 63. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.



Nouvelle-France et Nouvelle-Angleterre. Par Th. Bentzon. 12mo, uncut, pp. 320. Paris: Calmann Lévy. Paper.  
Washington's Farewell Address. With prefatory Note by Worthington Chauncey Ford. 18mo, uncut, pp. 32. Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cts.  
On the Sources of the Nonne Prestes Tale. By Kate Oelzner Petersen. 8vo, pp. 144. "Radcliffe College Monographs." Ginn & Co. Paper.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton. By George C. Gorham. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.  
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